A DOUBLE TRAP.

Juliet, in a large straw hat and a white frock, was leaning over a gap in a someher. The time was high noon on a bright, sunny day early in autumn.

"Wherefore, indeed!" replied the young man promptly. "I'm sure I don't want to our family for the last 300 years? Why,

"Well, to be sure, you are very polite,

"Ah, you know what I mean! I don't to play Benedick, 'Benedick, the married my right hand to his daughter."

"Patience, Arthur; patience." "And haven't I been patient? Why, let me see, we've been engaged three months

"Three 'months-twelve weeks," retorted Juliet lightly; "and Jacob served fourteen years for Rachel."

"Yes, yes," cried Arthur pettishly; "but of years to play with. Life's too short for | you so years ago, and I meant it." that kind of thing nowadays." "Still, we must wait. You know that I'll

never marry without papa's consent." "I do," he answered gloomily; "and I | marriage than by forbidding it." also know that I can't marry without the governor's. It's a lively prospect." "Well, we must hope for the best," replied the girl cheerfully. "Papa may

come round at any time." "That's just it. He may come round at any time and catch me here, and then we may look out for alarms and excursions, followed by banishment, of course." "And we have no Father Lawrence to

assist us," sighed Julief, "No: we must depend upon our motherwit. We must resort to stratagem, Lily, dear. For some days I have been wrestling with a gigantic idea, and I think I've licked it into shape at last. What do you say to a plan which promises to reconcile both our stern parents to the idea of our

"It must be a wonderful plan," cried Lily, opening her blue eyes very wide. "And, still better, to reconcile them in

time to each other?" "It must be a very wonderful plan," said Lily again; but this time she shook her head doubtfully. 'Well, I think it is rather good," replied

Arthur, with the honest pride of an inventor. "But listen, and then let me have your opinion of it. And without further preface he began

to disclose its beauties.

Lilian Grantley and Arthur Curtis were or, at least thought themselv≥s—the most unhappy pair of lovers since the time of "Juliet and her Romeo." Their fathers, two of the chief landowners in the small midland county of Fenshire, were at daggers drawn. Yet they had once been fast friends, and were still near neighbors. Their estates "marched" together, and they had long entertained the idea of uniting their properties by a marriage between their children. Unluckily, when Lilian was sixteen and Arthur some two years older, a grave political crisis arose, and their fathers, who took opposite views of the situation, allowed themselves to be drawn into all the storm and turmoil of a contested election. In the heat of conflict words were spoken that could not easily be forgotten afterwards, and the result may easily be guessed. When the election ended, their old friendship was a thing of the past, and, as there was no feminine influence to soften asperitles-for they had both been widowers for many years-they drifted more apart every day. Neither made any advances towards reconcillation, and in secret each was watching for a favorable opportunity to eateh his former

Long ere this, of course, all idea of a marriage between their children had been abandoned, and the young people had been peremptorily bidden to think no more of each other. As a natural result, they began to think seriously of each other for the first time, and when, some four years after the commencement of the feud, they met in town, where Lilian was staying with an aunt for the season, they were already more than half disposed to fall in love with each other. At their first meeting they caught the infection, within a week they were sickening for the disease, and before the season was half finished the patients were entirely "given over"-to each other. Their engagement was neces sarily kept a close secret, however, for the feud between their fathers was at its height, and the enemies were just then engaged in a hot dispute over a patch of debatable land between their estates, to which both laid claim.

Such was the state of affairs in Fenshire when Miss Grantley came home toward the middle of July, Arthur following her a few days later. With their return their real difficulties began. In town they had been able to meet frequently and freely; but in Fenshire they met seldom and by stealth, in a quiet byroad skirting a secluded corner of Mr. Grantley's park-an arrangement more satisfactory to Lilian, who liked what she called the "romance. than to Arthur, who dreaded the risk That his meetings with Lilian could not long be kept secret, Arthur felt sure; and so he had set his wits to work, and, after much inward wrestling, had evolved the wonderful plan whereby he hoped to win his Lilian, and to bring peace to the distracted houses of Grantley and Curtis. On the merits of that plan, however, it is not necessary to pass an opinion here. Suffice it to say that, although Lilian did not display all the enthusiasm he had looked for, before the lovers separated they had agreed to make trial of it, Arthur

promising to lead the way as soon as a favorable opportunity presented itself. It was Mr. Curtis who, all unconscious ly, furnished the required opening a few evenings later, when he and his son were sitting over their wine, for he broke the period of silence which ensued after the servants had withdrawn by clearing his throat in a magisterial way that he always affected when he had anything of importance to impart.

"Do you know, Arthur," he began solemnly, "I think it's high time you married and settled down."

During the past year he had made the same remark, on an average, about once a week, but hitherto Arthur had always laughed it off evasively. On the present occasion, however, he replied boldly: Well, lately I've been thinking so my self, sir. But I must ask you to allow me perfect freedom of choice in the mat-

"Certainly, certainly," Mr. Curtis answered heartily, glad to see that his son was at last disposed to yield to his wishes. "I only make one stipulation: the girl must be a lady-if with money of her own, so much the better, but if without it -well, you'll have enough for two. But have you any one particular in view?"

"Well, yes, I have," replied Arthur "Glad to hear it," said his father, holding his glass up to the light and eyeing its centents with critical approval. "Is it

any one I know?' "You used to know her very well, sir. If I marry any one, it must be Miss Grant-

"What!" roared Mr. Curtis, smashing his wine-glass in his agitation. "That fellow's daughter!

"Exactly, sir. Why not? You used to be very fond of her, and I'm sure she at least has done nothing to forfeit your re-

"I have always had a very high opinion of her," Mr. Curtis admitted reluctantly. "She takes after her mother. To be perfeetly candid I must confess that, but for one thing, there is no girl in all the country I'd be so ready to welcome as a daughter-with or without a portion. She'd make a good wife, I feel sure, and her birth is almost as good as your own." "In fact, sir," said Arthur, triumphantly, "you only object to her because she is her

"And is not that enough?" Mr. Curtis

"Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Ro- | burst out passionately. "The daughter of the man who has thwarted, outraged and insulted me in every way! Who shut up our right-of-way to the quarry? Grantley! Who opposed me on the burning pubwhat dilapidated stone wall. Romeo, in a lie question of the sewage farm? Grantlight tweed shooting-suit, was standing on ley again! Who had the presumption to the grass by the wayside looking up at stand against me for the county council? Once more, Grantley! And who at this very moment is trying to rob me of one of the most cherished portions of my estate-Tincker's Patch, which has been in

be Romeo a moment longer than I can Grantley; always Grantley! I assure you, Arthur, I would almost give my right hand to be revenged upon this man.' "Less than that will do, sir," said Arthur coolly, quite unmoved by this outburst of indignant eloquence. "If you want to be Romeo because because I wish | want to be revenged you have only to give "What do you mean?" snapped Mr. Curtis fiercely. "This is no joking mat-

> "I am not joking," returned Arthur quietly, "Supposing, sir, remember, I only say 'supposing,' I were to marry Lillan without your consent; what would you

"Do?" bollowed his father, turning purple with wrath. "Turn you out of doors, cut you off with a shilling and never see Jacob was a patriarch, and had any amount | you again. That's what I'd do. I told "Mr. Grantley sald very much the same thing to Lilian, and he meant it," replied Arthur calmly. "Believe me, then, you'd irritate him far more by permitting our "Explain yourself," said Mr. Curtis

shortly, knitting his brows. "I've out-

grown my taste for conundrums." "It is very simple, sir. By forbidding out marriaga you act just as he would wish you to act, and play his game for him. But if you consent, what will hap-pen? Why, Mr. Grantley, mortally offended, will play the Roman father, though he will be punished himself far more than anybody else. Fond as he is of his daughter-who would not be?-he will voluntarily undergo all the pain of parting from her rather than pass over her disobedience to his commands. The chief part of the penalty will fail upon himself, but for all that he will inflict it."

"You think he would?" inquired Mr. Curtis thoughtfully. "Has he not said so fifty times, and does he not pride himself on being a man of his word?"

"He's as obstinate as a mule," growled Mr. Curtis, "if that's what you mean." "You put it forcibly, but evidently you understand me. Very well then, sir. He has deprived you of much of your local authority, he is trying to deprive you of your land, but if you allow me to deprive him of with him. And while you make the man you hate thoroughly miserable, you will be making two people you like unutterably

"You go too fast," exclaimed his father. "You speak as if you'd only my consent to win, and yet you haven't seen the girl for

more than four years." saw her less than four hours ago," replied Arthur, and then he plunged into an account of their meeting in town and all that it had led to, while his father, scarcely heeding him, sat musing in silence over the new idea that had been presented to him. The more he thought about it, the better he liked it. Never before had he had such a chance of dealing a deadly blow at his enemy-for that it would be a deadly blow he did not doubt. By putting himself in Grantley's place, he could picture exactly what he would do if his child disobeyed him, and also mow much pain it would cost him to play the Roman fool with his domestic happiness. He was convinced that, although his daughter was the light of his home. Grantley would cast her off if she married Arthur-and live unhappily ever afterward. The temptation was too great for Mr. Curtis, and he yielded to it.

"I have come to the conclusion, Arthur," he said benevolently, "that it would not be right to fetter your choice. I will not run the risk of spolling all your future life, simply because I happen to have s quarrel with the father of the gir! you love If you must marry Lilian, you must, and friend upon the hip. They had not long there's an end to it. But you'll never gain her father's consent, and of course you will understand that I cannot be mixed up in a clandestine marriage."

"You need not be, sir," cried Arthur eagerly. "Miss Grantley goes to town next month, and I must go there, too, at the end of the vacation." He had lately been called to the bar, but was still briefless. "With both of us in town a secret marriage should be easy to arrange, for Lily is

"Well, well, settle it as you like, but ! wish to know nothing about it till it's over. When you're married, however, let me know, and I'll increase your allowance to enable you to set up housekeeping comfortably. There, the e! No thanks, We'll talk more about this later, but now you must leave me, for I want my after-dinner nap." And he settled down in his chair, murmuring to himself with a peaceful smile: "This will upset that fellow Grantley terribly, or I'm a Dutchman."

. It was about a week after this important interview that a stormy scene was being enacted in Mr. Grantley's drawing room. Arthur's forebodings had been amply justified. A gossip had observed the lovers in the lane, and had at once decided that it was her "duty" to open "that poor dear Mr. Grantley's" eyes, and to tell him how shamefully his daughter was decelving him. As a result, Lilian was now sobbing on the sofa and her father was stamping up and down the room, ranting like a transpontine Lear.

"It's useless to deny it," raved Mr Grantley. "Mrs. Havers tells me she saw you talking to that young Curtis in the lane. She could not be mistaken. She passed quite close to you, and her eyes are almost as sharp as her tongue is. Shame may prompt you to deny it, but I repeat that it is useless."

"I do-don't deny it," sobbed Lily from behind her handkerchief, "and I'm not ashamed of it. We-we're engaged." "Engaged!" gibbered her father. "And

you're not ashamed of it?" "No!" retorted Lily with spirit. "Why should I be? I remember you used to think very highly of him yourself." "I still do," he confessed, somewhat taken aback; "certainly he does not resemble his father in the least. He seems to be a promising young fellow. I believe his disposition to be a good one, and we must not allow prejudice to blind us to

the fact that, next to ourselves, the Curtises are the oldest family in Fenshire. No. I have no objection to the young man in himself; but circumstances render any connection between us impossible." "You refer, I suppose, to your-your misunderstanding with Mr. Curtis?" Lily suggested timidly.

snorted her father, indignantly. "I understand him only too well. The man is determined to be the plague of my life, a perpetual thorn in my side. Has he not opposed me in everything-even in my abors for the public good? Did he not defeat me when I stood for the council? And has he not actually had the audacity to lay claim to one of the most picturesque spots on my estate, Tinker's Patch, which has belonged to our family ever since there were Grantleys in Fenshire? And you say you are engaged to this man's son! I wonder you cannot see for yourself that it is totally out of the ques-

"I know it is," said Lily sadly. "I know we must part, both for his sake and his 'His father's!" sneer d Grantley. "If

that were the only objection, I'd say let

the marriage take place tomorrow. Pray

what have his father's feelings got to do

"He is so vindictive," sighed Lily, "and oh! so obstinate. If his son disobeyed him, joyfully would disown and disinherit him completely, and yet it would almost break his own heart to do it. You know how proud is of his son, how entirely all his hopes and ambitions are bound up in him, and how barren life would be to him deprived of his son's society, but if Arthur married against his wishes, he would turn him out doors and never look upon his face again. He said so only the other day, and he would keep his word, although it would rend his heart, and though, by his own act, he would be devoting himself to a lonely, empty and almiess existence!" she con-

a child gives when it has gabbled off its

"By Jove! I never thought of that!" cried her father, obviously impressed. "You say his father distinctly warned Arthur that he'd disown him if he disobeyed. And while they still stood hand-in-hand, the

Lily nodded. "Well, if he said so, the stubborn old ass will assuredly keep his word. He always does when he has vowed to do some-thing disagreeable. And so, if I permit this marriage, I do not lose a daughter, but he loses a son. I must think this over," and he began to pace the room slowly, while Lilian watched him anxiously. Her words had indeed given him food for thou-at. Supposing he were to connive at Arthur's marriage with his daughter, would he not be avenging himself more completely on his enemy than he could ever hope to do apparent effect; but now Lily's words had pointed out a weapon with which he might deal a mortal wound. Then there was something that tickled his sense of humor in the idea of making Curtis his own executioner; and if he lived to be a hundred, he was never likely to get such another chance of paying off all old scores in one sweeping reckoning. Besides, why should he make his daughter miserable when, by promoting her happiness, he would also be satisfying his own craving for revenge? In short, his thoughts were almost the same as Curtis's had been, and they led him to precisely the same conclusion.

"Lilian," he said at last with majestic gravity, halting by her sofa, "I do not want to be harsh or unjust in any way; but answer this question honestly. Are you sure that you are not deceived in your own feelings; that this is no passing passion; that, in a word, you really and truly love this young man?"

"Yes," whispered Lily. "And you believe that he is equally sincere, and equally devoted to you, eh?" "He says so," replied Lily, almost in-

"Then never," cried Mr. Grantley, in a burst of noble emotion, "never shall it be | bough. said that I impeded the course of true love. Your happiness, my dear, must always be by chief consideration, and to promote it I resign my own wishes and prejudices without a sigh. Besides, I like the lad; I always did. He is unfortunate Let us be just, by all means, let us be just. As for Mr. Curtis, if he chooses to behave like a fool, let him. If he does not consider your feelings, why should you consider his? Confound his impudence! how dare he attempt to destroy my daughter's happiness? He deserves to be taught a lesson. I give my consent to this marriage. Arthur has a few hundreds a year of his own from his mother, I know, as well as his profession; and for the rest, your settlement will be more than sufficient to enable you to live in all comfort. And some day, when I am gone, you will be mistress here. Of course," he continued blandly, "I cannot openly encourage a son in disobedience to his parent, however unworthy of respect that parent may be; but you

are going to your aunt's next month, and if you choose to have a quiet wedding you have my approval, though I cannot be present. However, I'll make a point of seeing Arthur during the week, and if our interview is satisfactory, you may ma . v ur own arrangements, about which I wish to know nothing. May your future be bright and unclouded, and may never give me cause to regret that in this matter I listened to the promptings of my own warm heart, rather than to the cold and calculating counsels of prudence!" And Mr. Gantley struck an attitude of paternal benignity, chuckling to himself the while; "This will be a knock-down blow for Curtis, or I'll eat my hat."

In October the lovers were quietly married, and after a brief honeymoon they settled down in a pretty suburban villa, where they lived very comfortably on the handsome allowance that Mr. Curtis gave Arthur and the substantial settlement Mr Grantley had made on Lilian. Here they were occasionally visited by their fathers, but as the visits were never made concurrently the enemies never met, and consequently never suspected the trick that had been played upon them. Ere long, however, the great Fenshire

feud began to languish. In the first place, t was discovered that Tinker's Patch, the chief bone of contention, was really public ground, and, as a matter of face, had never belonged to either of the disputants; and in the second place, satisfied that they had at last secured their revenge, Grantley and Curtis were no longer disposed to carry on the war with their former vigor. Moreover, now that Arthur and Lily were married, the old dream of "a ring fence" revived simultaneously in both their bosoms, and each looked longingly at the other's property and decided that it would be a great pity to let it go out of the family; but as each fancied that he had wronged the other mortally, and feared that his advances might be repelled, neither cared to take the first step toward reconciliation. Still, their old rancor was dead, and they ceased to attack each other, standing strictly on the defensive; and so, although peace was not yet proclaimed, an amnesty had virtually been concluded.

It had lasted nearly a year when, one autumn morning, Mr. Curtis received a telegram announcing that Lily had presented Arthur with a son and heir. Eager o inspect the curlosity, he caught the London express, and a few hours later was seated in the drawing-room of the suburban villa, waiting for Arthur, who had gone up stairs to ascertain if the baby was "on view." Suddenly the door was flung open and a servant ushered in Mr. Grantley, who had also received a telegram and had followed Curtis to town by he next train. It would be difficult to exaggerate their surprise. For a full minute they stood glaring blankly at each other; but by degrees an idea dawned upon them, and astonishment gave place

to pleasure. "I see it all," thought Grantley, "His ron will has been subdued by the news of his grandson's birth, and, unable to hold longer, he has hurried here to crown the happiness of the youthful couple with his forgiveness. It is a graceful act!"

"I understand," said Curtis to himself. "He has long been relenting, and makes the joyful news his excuse for yielding. He has come to be reconciled to his daughter over the cradle of her first-born. This is really touching!" They cast a friendly glance on each oth-

er, and made a hesitating movement with "And now that he has tacitly confessed his fault," mused Grantley, "shall I re-proach him? Now that he has made the only reparation in his power, shall I say a word to mar the harmony of this re-

union? Never!" "No doubt his conscience has already sufficiently punished him for his folly," Curtis continued to himself. "And shall I, by a single word of reproof, introduce the element of discord on this auspicious

occasion? Perish the thought!" With one accord they moved to meet each other, and their hands, at first timidly extended, met in a long and cordial clasp. "Grantley," said Curtis, with impulsive frankness, "I've been a fool."

"Curtis," said Grantley, resolving not to be outdone in generosity, "so have I." "Well, they say there's no fool like on old one," resumed Curtis, forcing a laugh. "Let that be my excuse for many an action which I dare not attempt to justify. "Neither of us can crow over the other, I fear," answered Grantley, with a guilty

blush. "I, too, have done many things which I now most sincerely regret." "I always was such a hasty fellow," Curtis continued, with a heavy sigh, "You know my hot temper of old," Grantley murmur-d apologetically. "Why, why, did we ever quarrel?" groaned Curtis. "I assure you the last five years have been the unhappiest of my

"And of mine," said Grantley, in a voice broken with emotion. "But, 'doth not a meeting like this make amends?"." "Then all is forgiven?" exclaimed Curtis

"And forgotten," cried Grantley, with the greatest enthusiasm. "This is as it should be, my old friend," observed Curtis, after a pause, wiping his spectacles. "Doubtless we have both been to blame, but let us avoid recriminations, Let us be content to renew our old friendship, and strive to forget that it has ever

been interrupted." "With all my heart," answered Grantley, using his handkerchief vigorously. "From this moment the last few years shall blotted out as if they had never existed. Let us agree to bury the dead past in si-

cluded, with just such a sigh of relief as lence, and never again refer by so much as a word to our unhappy dissensions." "It is a bargain," cried Curtis, "and there's my hand upon it!"

Once more they exchanged a hearty pressure and the demon of discord fled forever. door opened, and Arthur entered with the nurse, bearing the olive-branch .-- All the Year Round.

THE MONKEY IN THE MAN. A Round Dozen Points of Resem-

blance Shown by Human Babies. To see the monkey in the man you have only to study the faces, bodies and habits of babies. Such is the theme of an article contributed by S. S. Buckman to the Nineteenth Century. The actions of chil-dren are, indeed, he says, like "ancient by any other means? For years he had monuments of prehistoric times. The hubeen aiming blows at Curtis without much man infant is an interesting obligation. scientific research, and even a cross baby should be calmly contemplated by the philosophic mind." Here are some of the numerous illustrations which Mr. Buckman gives to show how surrivals of our simian ancestry may be found by any nursery philosopher. 1. Monkeys are snub-nosed (simian). So

are babies. 2. Bables have pouch-like cheeks. To judge from ecclesiastical monuments, this characteristic is supposed to be especially angelic. It is really monkey-like. Baby cheeks are the vestiges of cheek pouches, possessed for stering away food, as in oercopithecus, a monkey in which this habit of storing may be observed at the London zoological gardens, if visitors 3. At the base of the vertebral column bables have a deep circular depression. This is the mark of the monkey's tail. 4. Babies (as Dr. Louis Robinson has

shown) have superior arm power and very short legs. So have monkeys. 5. Babies in catching hold of anything, don't use their thumbs, but clasp it be-tween the fingers and palm. This is the action of monkeys in going from bough to

6. A baby can move any of its toes independently, and it can move them one from another so as to make a V between any of them. As it grows older it loses this power and also the power of turning its ankle, but that it has such power over its in his father, but he cannot help that muscles when young points to ancestors who used their feet more than their hands as organs for picking up small objects, and who relied on their hands and arms for supporting their bodies.

7. Babies go to deep on their stomachs with their limbs curled up under thema survival from our four-footed ancestors. 8. Babies are rocked to sleep-an imitation of the swaying to-and-fro of the branches where our monkey ancestors lived. Even our nursery dittie, "Rockaby Baby on the Tree Top," points back to the arboreal age.

9. The stair-climbing instincts of basies, like the tree-climbing propensity of poys, points back to an arboreal age, 10. The fruit-stealing instinct is a survival of monkeydom.

II. Children are fond of picking at anything loose-because monkeys pick off the bark from trees in order to search for 12. Children are very fond of rolling. This points to the time when our ancestors had hairy bodies tenanted by parasites,

GET IN CHRISTMAS TRIM.

and allayed the irritation by rolling.

Peace of Mind and a Generous Soul Essential to the Christmas Season.

It can be said on authority that no Christmas-keeping person will be inclined to dispute that the necessary elements of the Christmas spirit are peace and good will, says the Point of Review man in December Scribner's. It is essential to anyone's Christmas comfort that he should have a fair measure of peace of mind. he lacks that he should find out why. his disquiet has a fiscal basis he should call a meeting of himself and firmly resolve to procure a proper relation between his incomings and his outgoings at the cost of whatever sacrifice of pomps and vanities may be necessary. He may not be able to do that actually in a day, or in a week, but he can plan and he can re- and tricks of the playhouse, and the solve, and if he has a tolerably firm mind he ought to be able to resolve with sufficient vigor to bring his spirit the necessary relief. To lose one's enjoyment of Christmas because one has spent too much money in a bad year is intolerable. To repent is good; to save and scrape and pinch is good if need be; to deny one's self even the happiness of making gifts is praiseworthy if the case is bad enough, but to worry and be miserable is to misuse the season.

Come to terms with yourself, brother, betimes, and whatever the situation is get on top of it before Christmas. If it is not a fiscal difficulty, but something else; if your conscience pricks you for laziness, or for wasting your time, or for neglecting your family, or for flirting, or for reading too many newspapers, or for gossiping, or for drinking too many cocktails, or for whitever species of misbehavior you may last have fallen into, attend to its admonitions and stop its noise. Gain your Christmas peace of mind even if you have to seek it with some resolution.

TO BE POPULAR.

You Simply Have to Practice the Following Rules.

Don't find fault. Don't contradict people, even if you're Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend. Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it. Don't believe that everybody else in the

world is happier than you. Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in your life. Don't believe all the evil you hear. Don't repeat gossip even if it does in-

erest a crowd. Don't go untidy on the plea that everyody knows you. Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

Don't over or under dress. Don't express a positive opinion unless ou perfectly understand what you are talking about. Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief. -Glasgow Times.

The Real Christ Mother.

Of her family and surroundings we know nothing at all, writes the Rev. S. D. Mc-Connell, describing Mary, the mother of Christ, in an article treating of the life and time in which Christ was born, in the De-cember Ladies' Home Journal. A tradition so ancient and uniform that it is in all probahility correct describes her as a tall and graceful girl of fair complexion, with chestnut hair turning to gold in the sun, soft violet eyes, and slender but womanly figure, with tapering fingers and high, arched feet. Her dress was a loose blue and white striped robe with wide, falling sleeves. About her waist she wore a broad embroidered blue shawl or girdle. Her veil was of red cloth, a yard wide and four yards long. One end was fastened behind upon the left shoulder by a brooch or clasp, then carried across the back of the neck and over the top of the head, the edge which fell over the forehead being ornamented with a fringe of coins, then carried under the left arm and brought up across the lower part of the face, which it was meant to conceal, then thrown back-ward over the right shoulder. She wore long pendant sliver jewels from her ears, and bunches of sliver or copper bangles on her wrists and ankles. Her life was the simple, uneventful life of a Galilean girl, cooking, spinning, going to the synagogue of a Sabbath, where, with the other women, night look through the lattice gallery at her townsmen; gossiping with the other maidens at the well when they collected to fill their jars of an evening.

An Economical Suggestion

It will pay the woman who has a little money to spend on white goods and ho-siery to go round-not round the bargain counters, but through the regular depart-ments. It will also be to her advantage to learn the science of stuffs, so as to be able to tell cotton from linen and lisle thread. Manufacturers are clever. They understand the art of lansning so as to make cotton look like linen and thread like silk. The manufacturen's launcress is a genius. She has brains in her flatfron, and she can do up a little square of batiste so cleverly that the average shopper will pass it and buy it for linen lawn. Then, too, the knitters will design a lisle thread garment, touch the top stitch with silk, and along will come a woman with \$1.99 and snatch it up under the delusion that she is getting pure siik. And that's the way the money

THE BEST MACHINE ON EARTH

Your wife will be in want of a

Sewing Machine

Anticipating the demand, THE SENTINEL has made special arrangements to supply your wants.

OUR OFFER:

We will turnish the Famous SENTINEL SEWING MACHINE (No. 4) and the STATE SENTINEL for cae

\$17.25

This Machine is fully warranted and money will be refunded if it is not as advertised. No. 3, same as No. 4, except with two drawers instead of four, will be turnished with the STATE SENTINEL one year for

\$16.00.

POINTS OF SUPERIORITY. INDIANAPOLIS SENTINEL

SEWING MACHINE Has the latest design of bent woodwork, with skeleton drawer

cases, made in both walnut and oak, highly finished and the most durable made. The stand is rigid and strong, having brace from over each end of treadle rod to table, has a large balance wheel with belt replacer, a very easy motion of treadle.

The head is free of plate tensions, the machine is so set that without any change of upper or lower tension you can sew from No. 40 to No. 150 thread, and by a very slight change of disc tension on face plate, you can sew from the coersest to the finest thread. It has a self-setting needle and loose pulley device on hand wheel for winding bobbins without running the machine.

It is adjustable in all its bearings and has less springs than any other sewing machine on the market. It is the quickest to thread, being self-threading, except the eye of needle. It is the easiest machine in changing length of stitch, and is very quiet and easy running.

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A Philadelphia Rabbi Delivers Timely Talk on the Subject.

"The Stage as a Pulpit" was the subject of Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf's lecture Sunday morning, which he delivered at the Keneseth Israel temple before a large and attentive audience, says the Philadelphia Times. "There are goings-on today in many churches," he said, "which seem very much like the doings of the priests of Aaron with their strange fires. Preachers are turning to actors, the pulpit is becom-

ing a stage. Deacons are changing into play managers. "The perpetual light is being changed to foo:lights, choirs are changed into choruses, services are becoming shows, and the same methods that are used to attract the people in the theater are being used to entice them into the church, and, which seems the strangest of all, the churches most opposed to the theaters are frequently the most faithful copiers of the acts preachers who most bitterly prozecute the actor frequently imitate his methods so closely that one needs a most powerful magnifying glass to detect a difference

between the two. "I am not an opponent of the stage. On the contrary I regard the moral of the legitlmate drama equal to the most legitimate pulpit, and I would have both equally rewarded if both are equally deserving. In saying that both have similar missions, I do not mean that the vocation both are interchangeable; that a preacher may turn at will his pulpit into a stage or an actor his stage into a pulpit. "Though they have a similar object, their sphere of labor is and must remain separate and distinct. The preaching actor bores, the acting preacher disgusts. There are times when our hearts craves for entertainment, for pastime, for diversion, and we have the theater for the gratification

of such craving. "There are times when our soul yearns for spiritual light, for religious comfort, for mental elevation, and we have the

"I cannot speak too scathingly of the the church. There never has been as strong a tendency in that direction as at the present time, and in our land, and there has never been an age more dangerous for such a tendency than the present. Of all irreverent people we Americans are probably the most irreverent. Oh! ye vandals leave us the little reverence that yet lingers within the church. I have always admired the catholic denomination for her marvelous skill in shedding the most inspiring awe over her churches by means of magnificent art and architecture, music and vestments, and yet more so by a rigid exclusion of everything profane.

"It must not be supposed that in opposing the secularization of religion I would favor the expulsion of all light and warmth and cheer from the church and their replacement by Calvinistic gloom and Puritanic crabbedness. The church was never designed to be a cemetery and the preacher was never intended to be an undertaker. I believe in the religion of timely anecdote or a jest, if introduced to point the moral better or to make the sermon the longer remembered. The church will suffer no wrong from a live, cheerful and reverential pulpit. It is in the extreme of both where the danger lies."

THE CITY'S ROAR,

How It May Be Notated and Used in the Coming Years of Air Life.

right; I don't know much about red splashes and green smears. But the publication of that item brings up to utterance point something that I've had in my mind for many years, and that is the actual tone, the sound tone, the keynote

"You know, every sound of nature has its notation, whether it is the buzz of insect life in August or the roar of Niagara in late April. So, too, I believe, that every city has its especial sound and that the roar of its traffic could be reduced to notation and individualized. I am positive that the roar of no two cities is alike, any more than the roar of two llons is alike. "Of course, the roar of a city differs in depth and intensity, according to the time of the year, week and day. The roar of New York on Sunday morning in August, for instance, is a very different thing from that of New York on Saturday morning in October, and again very different from that of any time in the dead of winter. when all the streets are covered with snow, But these different sounds will be cata- degrees.-Youth's Companion. logued, and herein will lie the practical utility of the thing. Travel and warfare in the air are bound to come, you know, and when they do the catalogue of city notes will be as much of a necessity as a

compass and barometer. "Take an example now. You are travelng in a balloon and the wind has been blowing a gale for a week. The captain doesn't know how much he's out in his reckoning, when he hears a loud-booming note coming up through the clouds. 'What note is that? he asks of the mate. The | you'd give me a bad mark for makin' a mate puts his electro-turing pipe to his noise."-Street & Smith's Good News.

SCORES PULPIT THEATRICALS. | ear and halloos back that it is BBB flat | below the staff. "Triple B flat below the line,' says the captain, 'and this is Sunday, Nov. 4. Why, that is New York. Let out the gas there, my hearties." five minutes more you're safe at the Central park aerial landing inclosure. Why, sir, it's the thought of the age." "

ROCKY MOUNTAIN RAMS.

Hard to Rope and to Deal with Afterward, as Mr. Chatfield Found Out.

On the first of last week Frank Chatfield succeeded in roping a Rocky moun tain ram on the foothills of the Sunlight mountains, about fifty miles from this city. To catch and hold up a full-grown animal of this species is a feat that has probably never before been accomplished. Mr. Chatfield is a strong and hardy mountaineer, having passed most of his life in the wild recesses of the Rocky mountains, and has been combining trapping, prospecting, and stock raising for a number of years past in the Sunlight valley, through which winds a rugged stream that empties into the Clark's Fork river in the box canon, making its final appearance over a grand fall of sev-

During this particular hunt Mr. Chatfield saw a fine specimen of the Ovis Montana on a ledge of rock far up the hill, and with a common lariat determined to make an effort to catch the animal. Crawling up the dry gulch he kept out of sight of the ram and reached a reef of rock about thirty feet above it. Looking over the edge of this he saw the monarch of the mountains, and the animal also saw Mr. Chatfield. It immediately jumped over the ledge, and with a couple of bounds landed on another ledge about thirty feet below. The dog was sent after the sheep and brought it to a standstill about two hundred feet away. Chatfield followed and again got a few feet above the ram and threw his rope. It landed around one of the ram's vigil, and for its fidelity was given a horns and a hard tussle for the mastery took place. First the sheep would have own dog enjoyed a similar honor. the best of the struggle and then the man. Being on a narrow ledge of farcical, or better, tragic, profanations of rock it was a very dangerous position, and Mr. Chatfield was liable to fall over with disastrous results. Finally the man succeeded in getting down to a comparatively safe place, and with the assistance of the dog got the sheep started down the mountain. As neither party could go exactly as he wished, they soon got tangled in the rope, and both sheep and man started in a bundle, rolling to the bottom of the hill, where they landed decidedly the worse for their rough scramble over the rocks. His sheepship was roped around both hind feet, and afterward the rope was arranged around both horns, in which condition he was taken to the

Chatfield ranch, where he is now securely confined. The specimen is a magnificent one, and will very likely be sent to some large zoological garden. Its horns measure seventeen inches in circumference, and have a two-foot spread. Some time previous to catching this sheep, Mr. Chatfield caught three ewes in the same manner, but as smiles, not the religion of groans. A good | they were not so large and unmanageable sermon is by no means marred by a they did not cause so much trouble,-Red Lodge Picket.

Cousinly. Among the hardest things which the infant Prince Edward of the royal house of England, the infant son of the duke of York and heir apparent to the throne, will have to straighten out when he is older is his relationship to his own father and and whine, when they were easily subjumother. It constitutes a problem such as gated by the men.—Philadelphia Times. is seldom found outside of princely houses. It is certain, however, that he is the "I see," said a well-known musician, third cousin of his father and also the "that the Sun has been publishing the second cousin of his mother. This makes pinion of some artist fellow that each his relationship to himself somewhere be tween that of a third and fourth cousin He is, as it were, his own double third cousin, a relationship which it will doubt-

> less take some time for him to compre-Both his father and mother are descended from George III of England, George III's son Ado.phus, duke of Cambridge, had a daughter Mary, who married the duke of Teck and became the mother of the Princess May, who married the duke of York, and the duke of York's father, the prince of Wales, is the great-grandson of the same King George III. The young prince will have the right to address either his mother, father or himself as "my royal cousin," and he may

> she is a nearer relation to him than his The princely families of Europe supply many similar cases of tangled relationship, growing out of the successive intermarraiges of cousins in nearer or remoter

> perhaps excuse any partiality for his

mother over his father by declaring that

Paying Her Back.

Teacher-"Johnny, have you your knife with you?" Johnny-"Yes'm."

"Then I wish you would sharpen my pencil for me.' "Please, I'd rather not."

"Why?" "'Cause while I was sharpenin' it I might drop the knife on the floor, and then DOG LORE.

An Animal Figuring in the Legends of All Human Races.

The folklore of England, Ireland and Wales is full of stories in which hell dogs pursue men and beasts, though they differed in appearance, according to the country, but all were of great size and strong beyond nature. Their eyes shot flames, and their mouths emitted fire that scorched all approaching them, though they could be routed by a call on the delty or by the pursued turning on them with a cross or the sign of one.

In Wales they were usually mastiffs without tails, while in England they moved in packs and resembled hunting hounds. In Charles Read's "Put Youse!f In His Place" the author makes reference to the popular belief in the mysterious pack known as the Gabriel hounds, which flew through the air in full cry, presaging disaster and answering, especially to noble families, the purpose of the Irish banshee in foretelling the deaths of members. In Holland there is a legend that death is always preceded by a pale dog that runs, sniffing the ground for a spot to dig the victim's grave. It was this idea that gave rise to the ancient dislike to a white dog in that country, and if one of that color was seen near a graveyard it was put to

death with a silver builet, over which a prayer had been said. In India a great god has a dog's head, and the dog star (Slrius) is so called from the Egyptians thinking it gave notice, being particularly conspicuous at that season of the year, of the rising of the Nile, as a dog might the approach of danger. The Laplanders gave the bear the name of the "dog of God," and the Norwegians

declare that it has the strength of ten men and the cunning of twelve. In oriental religion the noble youths who slept 309 years were guarded in their cavern by a dog that neither ate, drank nor slumbered during the period of its place in paradise by Mchammed, whose geographers are known many islands called after dogs, among which the best known are the isle of Dogs, found in the Thames; the Dog island, in the Malayan archipelago, and West Dog, lying near

the Island of the Virgin, or St. Thomas. There is a curious legend connected with an island on the coast of Kamchatka, which is known as the island of the Talking Dogs. In prehistoric times, so the inhabitants will tell you, the natives of the mainland did not employ dogs to perform any menial labor, but lived with them on terms of equality and drew their sleds themselves, caught their own game and hunted the walrus alone. The dogs, which were gifted with speech, grew naughty and tried to assume dominion over the men, when the latter, awaking to the danger, overthrew the animals, attempting to enslave them. This induced the dogs to abandon the mainland and establish a colony on the island referred to, but the game here becoming scarce from the anger of the gods they turned cannibals at last, and soon they were all killed except seven, which survived of all the many which had

Then the Kamchatkans sailed over to the island, which they had not dared molest before, and attempted to persuade the dogs to return to them, but they refused to comply with the request, "What people are you? We have no knowledge of you." And in punishment for this denial the dog god took away their gift of speech, leaving only the bark

GREAT BATTLES.

Some of the Engagements in Which Great Forces Were Engaged.

Without doubt of all the battles re-corded in modern history the longest and sternest as well as one in which most men were engaged was the memorable battle of Leipsic, Oct. 16, 18 and 19, 1813, called by the Germans the battle of the nations. The number of troops engaged is variously stated by different writers at from 136,000 to 190,000 on the side of Na-poleon I and from 230,000 to 290,000 on that of the allies under Prince Schwartzenberg, Blucher and Bernadotte. In this awful battle the slain on both sides amounted to 80,000 and thousands of the wounded lay for days around the city. In the battle of Koeniggratz, or Sadowa, July 3, 1886, fought during the "seven weeks" war." the allied Austrian and Saxon troops engaged amount to about 20,000 men, while the Prussians, under their king, mustered, in round numbers, 200,000 combatants. The total loss of the Austrians, etc., amounted to about

If we go back to the melee of ancien days we find it stated that at one, fought at Tours in 732, between the Franks and the Saraceus, from 250,000 to 375,000 men were killed on the field. This would of course mean that many more men were engaged than at Leipsic. In a battle mentioned in H Chronic's between Asa, king of Judah, and Zerah, king of Ethiopia, we are told that the former had an army of a thousand thousand, or 1,000,000. Canon Rawlinson observes that this state-ment does not exceed the numbers of other ment does not exceed the numbers of other oriental armies. Darius Codomannus brought into the field a force of 1.040,000 men near Arbels, where he was finally defeated by Alexander the Great, 331 B. C. Xerxes, too, as Prof. Rawlinson says, crossed into Greece with certainly above

1,000,000 combatants, and Artaxerxes Mne-mon collected 1,200,000 to meet the attack of the younger Cyrus.-Chicago Tribune.